

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1825.

No. 20.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### FITZALAN.

(Concluded.)

When he was somewhat recovered from the tempest of passion and agony, Fitzalan rose from the ground, and with agitated steps paced his prison, carefully examining every corner of it, in expectation of discovering some outlet that might afford him the hope of escape, though ever so distant. His search was not in vain; a part of the wall, when struck returned a hollow sound; this proved to be a small door, which he supposed led to some other of the dungeons under the castle. His heart rose on this discovery: with an eager hand he sought to find the bolts or locks, but without effect; it appeared to be fastened on the other side, and the massiness of the plates of iron with which it was defended, mocked every attempt to procure a passage by force. It was not, however, till he was entirely worn out by the violence of his exertions, that Fitzalan desisted from endeavouring to accomplish his purpose. Baffled in all his efforts, and made more wretched by their failure, he threw himself on his damp and half decayed heap of straw. All was solemn silence, except when it was broken by the rattling of his chains, or when the castle bell, in deep and sullen tones, announced the lapse of the hours. Fitzalan several times imagined that he heard a low but heavy groan, which seemed to him like that of a person expiring; and twice or thrice he thought the bolts of the door he had discovered just grated, as though some one were striving softly to draw them back. He listened each time with the most profound attention, but not hearing any thing more, concluded that it was the effect of his over-heated and bewildered imagination. After several hours of indescribable suffering had elapsed, the agonized and exhausted Fitzalan sunk into slumber. But to him slumber was no respite from anguish. Innumerable dim and undefinable, but horrid, forms, appeared to float before him, and regard him with scowling and portentous aspects. Now he thought that he heard a more than mortal voice call upon him to execute vengeance on a murderer; he started; the scene changed—the murderer, fallen beneath his sword, lay lifeless at his feet; it vanished, and he beheld his Edith kneeling for mercy, his little Edwin clinging round her

neck, screaming in terror, while a ruffian, whose dagger was stained with the half-congealed blood of recent murder, was in the act of stabbing her. He sprang forward to save her, and awoke, every limb convulsed, and the cold drops of horror trickling down his frame. " Merciful God!" he exclaimed, " my unprotected Edith."

Thus passed the hours, till, at last, the dawning day appeared through a narrow oblique perforation in the wall, which just served to keep the air of the dungeon from total stagnation. Fitzalan could now examine his prison more minutely than before; this he did, but with no better effect. The door remained impervious to all his efforts; and the window, if so it might be called, gave still less prospect of escape; for, independently of its form, length, and narrowness, it was firmly secured, both inside and out, by thick iron bars, which almost excluded the little light and air which was intended to be admitted. Once more then, Fitzalan, in despair, gave up his search, and endeavoured to divine the motives of his imprisonment, but in vain. He was roused from his reverie by the unbarring of the door of his dungeon; it opened, and Hugo entered, armed, and with a drawn sword in his hand, he brought with him a pitcher of water and a small loaf, which he laid down near the door, and instantly departed, without uttering a word. Heavily, indeed, passed the hours of this day; night, at last, came, and brought with it the same horrors as the preceding one. He still thought that he heard at times the deep chilling groan, and the hand endeavouring to remove the fastenings of the door which he had found impassable. He slept; again the voice called for vengeance; again the murderer lay slain: again his Edith appeared on the brink of ruin, and he thought she now, with a frantic voice, called on him to save her from destruction.

About noon the next day, the doors were unbarred, and Hugo entered, armed, and brought as before, a loaf and pitcher. " Tell me," cried Fitzalan, starting from the ground, " by what authority, and for what purpose, I am brought here? To what fate I am doomed?" " To death!" answered Hugo; " it is decided upon. To-night, when the castle clock strikes twelve, expect your executioners. Recommend yourself, therefore, to God, and prepare for your end. I wish," added he, in a softened tone, " that I were to have no part in your murder; but if I were to refuse, my own

life would be the forfeit." Saying this, he closed the door, leaving Fitzalan in a state of mind bordering upon madness, which mocks the power of description. In acclamations of the most unbounded rage, in vain attempts to force a passage from his dungeon, and in meditating upon the exposed and helpless situation of his wife and infant, hour after hour passed away, till at length the bell announced eleven. Fitzalan now rallying his scattered senses, prostrated himself in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implored his protection for his Edwin, and for his Edith. When he pronounced these dear names, all his resolution vanished; his dreams recurred to his mind, and he felt an overpowering and ominous fear for their safety. A hollow groan rung through the cell: he started, looked wildly round, and listened; but all was silent. In a few minutes the castle clock began to strike the hour of twelve. Its heavy tone sunk to the heart of Fitzalan. It was to him the voice of death. With a harsh and hideous sound the bolts flew back. "They come!" exclaimed Fitzalan, and sprung from the ground, resolved, though unarmed, to resist to the last, and, if possible, not die unrevenged. The door which he had so often tried in vain, flew open, and a pale light gleamed through the dungeon. The blood of Fitzalan ran cold in his veins, as his eyes met the form of a venerable old man, on whose face was the pallid hue of dissolution. In his left breast, which was bare, appeared two deep and mortal wounds. The figure beckoned to Fitzalan, whose faculties were all absorbed in awe and wonder, to follow; and, recovering from his surprise, he obeyed. The fetters with which he was bound instantly fell from his limbs. He followed his guide, and entered the next cell, which was illumined by a faint radiance, whose source was not visible. The door closed upon them, and the bars jarred together; his conductor advanced near to the centre of the place, stopped, and turning round, pointed to Fitzalan a human skull lying on the ground, and by its side a dagger; from their condition, they appeared to have lain there for many years. Fitzalan shuddered at the sight, and involuntarily stooped, and took up the dagger. His guide fixed his sunken eyes on him with an expression of the utmost satisfaction and tenderness, extended his arm towards a door near them, which directly opened, and articulating with an awful voice, "Vengeance on my murderer," disappeared, leaving the dungeon in darkness.

Fitzalan paused for a moment; it seemed to him the delusion of some delirious dream; he paused but for a moment; a thousand blended ideas and recollections of the past and present rushed across his brain, and he turned to execute the command he had received. As he passed out of this place, he heard the doors of his late prison unbarring, and he shuddered at the thought of the fate, allotted to him,

which he had so wonderfully escaped. He turned up a narrow winding pair of stairs, and traversed several suits of apartments without meeting any one. As he passed along he heard a voice; he stopped and listened, and heard the person exclaim, "By this time it is all over, and I shall be happy—happy! wretch that I am, how can I talk of happiness? haunted day and night by ten thousand fiends, my life is a burthen: yet I dare not die! Was I not deeply damned enough before, but I must plunge myself yet deeper in predition? O, it may not be too late to save this one crime. Ho! Walter, Hugo, touch him not, I charge you! Ah! that bleeding form that glares upon me! O forgive me! O spare that frown, it freezes my heart!" The voice was silent for a moment, and then continued, "Foolish phantasies! shall I be the slave of fear? no, let him die! I shall now enjoy what I have long wished for. If she resists force shall bend her stubborn spirit. Shame! shall I be foiled by a woman? Oh, my brain fires again! and have I dipped my hands in blood? have I doomed my soul to eternal misery for a woman? First damned by avarice, then by lust, it is vain for me to hope for mercy from heaven! then let me seize on every pleasure here, nor think of hereafter. To think is madness. Peace, conscience, peace! I will not hear thee! she shall be mine!" Fitzalan, wrought to frenzy during this soliloquy, had raised his dagger; a door opened just before him, from which Fitzurban came out, with a lamp and sword in his hand; as soon as he saw Fitzalan he shrieked, dropped the sword, and before he could call for mercy, felt the dagger in his bosom. He fell, and seeing Fitzalan prepare to repeat the blow, feebly uttered "Hold in mercy, hold your hand! it is enough!" The attendants, alarmed by the noise of their lord falling, now came in, and bore him to a couch. Yet such was their hatred of him, that none of them offered to molest Fitzalan. The dying man motioned with his hand for the servants to retire farther, and Fitzalan to advance. "O! much injured knight!" he groaned, "can you forgive me? will you speak peace to my departing spirit! O look not so sternly! yet I deserve it. I have sinned beyond the hope of pardon. But I must be speedy in my tale—I feel the hand of death upon me! O God! O Christ! O save a wretched sinner. Alas! for me there is no hope." Weak through loss of blood and agony, Fitzurban fainted: when he recovered, he continued, "It is now more than sixteen years since, to gratify my avarice, I caused your father to be seized as he was travelling, and conveyed to the castle. He fell, in one of the dungeons of the north tower, by the hands of an assassin. I gained possession of his domains by the vilest means. I robbed you of your birth-right—but I lost my peace; since that hour I have been a stranger to happiness. Suspecting all, and



hated by all, I have existed the most miserable of wretches. Sleeping or waking, the spirit of your father has unceasingly been present, has still frowned on me, and threatened me with vengeance for my crimes. O save me from him! how he smiles on me with scorn, and bids the fiend snatch my trembling soul. O mercy! mercy!" Terror stopped his utterance; in a few moments he was more calm, and proceeded, "Two years ago I first saw your Edith, and instantly—" "Where, where is my Edith?" cried Fitzalan, impetuously; "ruffian, restore her to me!" "She is safe and spotless," answered the dying Fitzurban; "restrain awhile your just indignation, and listen to me. From the time I saw your Edith, I felt a fresh fire burning in my breast. I devised a thousand plans to get her into my possession, and as fast as I had formed, rejected them. It was not till four days ago that I formed the scheme that I put in practice and which has righteously ended in my destruction. I wrote the letter in the name of Sir Edmund, well knowing that you would fly to your friend. The result you know. Your Edith was deluded in the same manner, by a letter which I dispatched yesterday morning, and which was pretended to be written by your orders from the bed-side of Sir Edmund. She likewise fell into the snare, and was brought hither. I have seen her but once, when she received me with indignation, and awed me into silence by her frown. Enraged by this reception, I ordered Hugo and Walter to dispatch you in the dungeon; and resolved to use force, if I could not by persuasion conquer the hatred of Edith. Heaven, in its justice, has restored you to liberty, and I fall the victim of my own wickedness. Would to God that my death might expiate my crime! I make you the heir of all my domains. May you long be happy with your Edith. O speak pardon and peace to my guilty soul. Yet a short time O spare me, Heaven! O, I am lost—they seize me! mercy, Lord, mercy!" He faintly shrieked, averted his head, as if to shun the sight of something dreadful, and expired before Fitzalan could pronounce the entreated forgiveness. After gazing a few moments on the corpse of the lifeless Fitzurban, whose features were fixed in convulsive agony, Fitzalan ordered one of the servants to conduct him to the chamber of Edith. When he entered, she was sitting absorbed in grief, with Edwin lying in her lap, and the tears trickling from her eyes upon him. As Fitzalan advanced, she lifted up her head and frowned; but as soon as she perceived her lord, she sprung into his arms. Edwin bounded towards him, clung round him, and expressed his joy by a thousand infantine, endearing actions. Fitzalan embraced her with the most unbounded rapture, and when the tumult of joy had a little subsided, proceeded to relate his adventure in the dungeon.

## ANASTASIA, THE BENEDICTINE NUN.

"There's no killing like that which kills the heart."  
*Shakespeare.*

Whoever has recently travelled through the West Riding of Yorkshire, by the main road from Sheffield to Leeds, can hardly have avoided noticing a beautiful edifice which greets him a few miles before his entrance into Wakefield. The venerable pile seated on an eminence—its turret covered with ivy—the river which swept nobly round it, as if proud of the edifice it reflected—all unite in forming an object to arrest and charm the traveller. Nor is the situation of the building its only claim to attention. A melancholy interest attaches to it, from its being the residence of a remnant of Benedictine Nuns, who, flying from France at the period of the Revolution, have here found an asylum, and in the consolations of religion a refuge from misfortune. They could hardly have been more fortunate in their choice. The loneliness—the seclusion—the objects that surround the building—invest it with an aspect so inexpressibly calm and tranquil, that it seems to bid defiance to the entrance of any earthly feeling or unhallowed passion. Behind it, in silent grandeur, rises the thick noble wood of Kirkthorp, while through the trees the village church is seen raising its humble head in the distance. It is not the least remarkable feature of this lonely building, that in its church-yard the nuns from Monte Cassino find their last resting place.

Amidst the light grass which vegetates in dark luxuriance, distinguished from the more simple memorials of the lowlier inhabitants of the village, rise in proud pre-eminence the marble monuments of the little catholic community. The number is about twenty. The cross carved at the top—their strict uniformity and similitude to each other—the rosemary and sweet briar which flourish thickly around them—finely contrast the simplicity of surrounding objects, and give a picturesque appearance to the scene.

Among the inscriptions, which vary only in name and date, was that of

"ANASTASIA,  
*One of the Society of Benedictines,*  
Aged 21.  
A Novice 1813—Professed 1814—  
Died 1815."

I was gazing on the tomb of one so young, forming conjectures as to her history and misfortunes, when I perceived a stranger, melancholy and abstracted, viewing with the most intense interest the same object as myself. I accosted him; and to my numerous queries respecting her who lay mouldering beneath us, he gave me the following particulars. The actors in the scene have long since passed from the stage, and without hesitation I give the story to the world. The young will never be persuaded by the aged, nor the foolish by the

wise ; but the living may learn from the dead, for them they can neither envy nor hate.

It was in the year 18—, when the British army was encamped near Lisbon, that two British officers paid a visit to the convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men ; and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and the most pitiless, induced the nuns to give their enterprizing admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepont and Sir Harry Trelawny were both men of family and fortune ; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honour. It was speedily arranged that Col. Pierrepont's brother who commanded a man-of-war, then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board and convey them to England—that their lovers were to join them immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the *Adromache* would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the convent—the hour, so important to some beating hearts. The bay of Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight ; the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore, and the gray massy building of the convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the limes that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the convent wall, "She's mine," cried Pierrepont, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister and show her the example, first descended the rope ladder. Inez attempted to follow her ; but from some accident, never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the convent.—The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawny, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and after a short search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawny was dragged by main force from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the *Adromache*, which conveyed her to England. There her lover soon after joined her ; but as a lover only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her ; and to the agony of being betrayed by the man she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and

the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Inez, or of Trelawny, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepont was ignorant or pretended ignorance as to what became of either ; and hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret ; the future with a sort of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved—devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself, and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepont coming unexpectedly to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman whom he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife. It was a few weeks after this event, that, at the opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride—her person, faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening, was recognized by Sir Harry Trelawny, and an invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister. "Can you bear to hear the truth ?" said Trelawny, anxiously. "Any thing—every thing !" she exclaimed, "but suspense." He then told her cautiously, that, disregarding the agony that Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the Superior discovering she yet lived, had her conveyed to the refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly ; that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruise of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows. "My agony," added he, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection, her devotion, her reliance on my honour, all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream, no shriek—not a sound escaped her ; but she was never seen to smile again. With her the season of hope was at an end.—After an ineffectual struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer, without the ties of children to bind her to society, without affection to console her, without friendship to advise, she entreated Lord Pierrepont to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a convent. This request, her husband, though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited, alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawny's communication, in a moment of irritation he penned



a challenge to his former companion—sent it—fought—and fell.

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence who could control her; and she hastened to mature her plans. On the continent she was aware that her life would be endangered; but hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society at Yorkshire, she requested, and her wealth easily obtained her admission. A rigid novitiate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a constitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse; and on the second anniversary of her entrance into the convent, the grave shed over her its tranquillizing mould.

"And Trelawny," I exclaimed, "what become——?" "He," interrupted the stranger, with all the calmness of despair—"He stands beside you."

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### SKETCHES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

[The following sketches of likeness and character of various eminent persons in the 16th and 17th centuries, are extracted from *Aubrey's Lives*, recently printed from the originals in the Bodleian and Ashmolean Libraries, Oxford. Aubrey was contemporary with, and the friend of the greater part of the persons whose biography he so amusingly sketches.]

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH.**—He was a tall, handsome, bold man; had a most remarkable aspect—an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour eie lidded, a kind of pigge-eie: but withall, that awfulness and ascendancy in his aspect over other mortals, that as K. Charles I. said of Lord Strafford, he was a person that a prince would rather be afraid than ashamed of. At an obscure tavern in Drury-lane (a bailiff's) is a good picture of this worthy, and also of others of his time, taken upon some execution, I suppose, formerly. But the best is at Mr. Raleigh's, at Downton (an original) where he is in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearles, and a mighty rich chaine of of great pearles about his neck. The old servants have told me, that the pearles were near as big as the painted ones. I heard my cousin Witney say that he saw him in the Tower. He had a velvet cap laced, and a rich gowne and trunke hose.

**SIR PHILIP SYDNEY** is described as being not only of an excellent wit, but extremely beautiful. He much resembled his sister, says our author, but his haire was not red, but a little inclining, viz.—a darke amber colour. If I were to find a fault in it, methinks 'twas not masculine enough.—My great uncle Browne remembered him, and sayd that he was wont to take his table booke out of his pockets and write down his notions as they came into his head,

when he was writing his *Arcadia*, as he was hunting on our pleasant plaines (in Wiltshire.)

**SPENCER**, Mr. Beeston says, was a little man, wore short haire, little band, and little cuffs. When he brought Sir Philip Sidney his *Faerie Queen*, Sir Philip was busy at his study, and his servant delivering Mr. Spencer's booke, he laid it by, thinking it might be such kind of stuff as he was frequently troubled with. Mr. Spencer staid so long that his patience was wearied, and he went his way discontented, and never intended to come again. When Sir Philip perused it he was so exceedingly delighted that he was extremely sorry he was gone, and where to send for him he knew not. After much inquiry he learned his lodgeing, and sent him so handsome a present, that from this time there was a great friendship between them to Sir Philip's dying day. Lately taking down the wainscot of his chamber, at Sir Erasmus Dreydein's, they found abundance of cards, with stanzas of the *Faerie Queen* written on them.

**DR. WILLIAM HARVEY**, (author of that great discovery, the circulation of the blood.) He was not tall, but of the lowest stature; round faced, olivaster (like wainscott) complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit. His haire was black as a raven, but quite white twenty years before he died.

**ANDREW MARVEL.**—(Member of Parliament for Hull, and well known for his patriotism) was of a middling stature, pretty strong set, roundish faced, cherry cheek't, hazel eie, brown haire. He was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words. He lies interred under the pews on the south side of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, under the window wherein is painted in glasse a red lyon (it was given by the innholder of the Red Lyon Inne, in Holborne.) This account I had from the sexton.

**MILTON.**—He was a spare man, had light brown haire, his complexion exceeding faire, oval face, his eie a dark grey. His widow hath his picture, when a Cambridge Scholar, which ought to be engraved, for the picture before his booke is not at all like him. He had a delicate tuneable voice and good skill, but played most on an organ which he had in the house. His chief exercise was walking—After dinner he used to walk three or four hours at a time (he always had a garden where he lived); went to bed about nine. Temperate; he rarely dranke between meales. Extremely pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, &c.—but satyricall. He was visited by the learned much more than he did desire.

**WALLER**, one of the first refiners of our English language and poetry. When he was a briske young sparke, and first studyed poetry, "Methought," says he, "I never sawe a good copie of English verses; they all want smoothnesse; then I began to essay." I have heard him say that he cannot versify when he

will ; but when the fit comes upon him he does it easily. His intellectuals are very good yet (1680), but he grows feeble. He is somewhat above a middle stature, thin body, not at all robust ; fine thin skin, his haire frized, of a brownish colour ; full eie, popping out and working ; ovall faced, his forehead high and full of wrinkles : his head but small, braine very hott, and apt to be chollerique. He writes a lamentable hand, as bad as the scratching of a hen.

**HOBBS.**—In his old age was very bald, yet within dore he used to study and sitt bare headed, and sayd he never took cold in his head ; but that the greatest trouble was to keepe off the flies from pitching on his baldness. His head was of a mallet forme, approved by the physiologers. His face not very great, ample forehead, yellowish red whiskers, which naturally turned up ; below he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip ; not but nature would have afforded him a venerable beard, but being mostly of a cheerful and pleasant humour, he affected not at all austerity and gravity, and to look severe. He considered gravity and heavinesse of countenance not so good marks of assurance of God's favour, as a cheerful, charitable, and upright behaviour, which are better signs of religion than the zealous maintaining of controverted doctrines.

**BUTLER**, (Author of *Hudibras*.)—He died of a consumption, Sept. 25, 1680, aged 70, and was buried the 27th, according to his own appointment, in the churchyard of Covent Garden, in the north part, next the church at the east end. His feet touch the wall. His grave, two yards distant from pillaster of the dore (by his desire), six foot deepe.—There were about twenty-five of his old acquaintance at his funerall ; I myself being one. He was much troubled with the gowt before he died, and stirred not out of his chamber from October till Easter ; was of a middle stature, strong sett, high coloured, a head of sorrell haire, a severe and sound judgment, a good fellowe. He hath often said that Waller's way of quibbling with sense, would hereafter growe as much out of fashion, and be as ridiculous as quibbling with words.

**DR. JOHN WOLCOT**, *olim* PETER PINDAR.—It may properly be added to this account of former distinguished characters, that this celebrated Poet and Satirist, by his particular desire, was buried in the vault of the same church, close to the coffin of Butler. Dr. Wolcot was of the middle size, stoutly formed. His face was broad and expressive. His eyes, though not large, exhibited great spirit, and an appearance of penetration, that seemed to study the mind, while he regarded the features of those with whom he conversed, or who attracted his notice. He was quite blind with cataracts some years before he died, and one eye suffer-

ed the operation of couching, but without success. It was performed by Sir William Adams, and the Doctor refused to let him operate on the other.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

### AN EXTRACT.

The Doctor saddled his ancient steed, and moved on at the rate of forty miles in fifty hours. The steed wanted an eye, had been spoiled of the greater part of its tail, had its sides spotted with countless marks of galling, and was, upon the whole, a most ungainly brute ; but the Doctor was a very prudent man, and a very knowing judge of horses, and so he resolved to part with his old and trusty friend in Edinburg, and endeavour to purchase something better. The Doctor found a Yorkshireman quite to his mind ; and as Yorkshire is not just so far north as the county of Ross, canny Yorkshire was fairly taken. The Doctor dined with his Lordship, did his doings to the Assembly and elsewhere, and then away he went to follow up his advantage of the silly southern. At once he found a horse to his mind, with two eyes, a fine sweeping tail, a juvenile mouth, and a glossy black hide. He rode not away so swiftly as the appearance of the horse promised, but the horse was young and ignorant, perhaps, and would learn to go faster. Towards nightfall it rained very heavily, and when the Doctor arrived at his resting place, himself and his horse required rubbing down. In the morning he found that his steed had lost an eye, that the rain had bleached him, and that the switch tail was just dropping off. In short, he had his old horse, worth just twenty guineas more than when he parted with him !—*Scotch paper.*

**MR. EDITOR**,—The following beautiful Sonnet is said to have been written some time in the twelfth century, by a bard of the Deasy's country, now part of the county of Waterford, Ireland, and to have been translated by a gentleman well skilled in the language and antiquities of the country. It is to be regretted, that no contemporary bard has given the author's name.

W. I. R.

### EVELINA.

(Translated from the Irish)

"It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, I saw the rising of the day first break—the young, the soft, the gay delightful morning ; it kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us. Rise, my Evelina ! soul that informs my heart ! Do thou rise, too, more lovely than the morn in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dews, pride of the western shores ! The sky's blue



face, when cleared by dancing sun-beams, looks not serener than thy countenance ; the richness of the wild honey is on thy lip, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple-blossom ; —black are thy locks, my Evelina ! and polished as the raven's smooth pinions ; the swan's silver plumage is not fairer than thy neck, — and the witch of love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom. Rise, my Evelina ! the sprightly beam of the sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me, and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with its odours, thy timid lover will pluck thee strawberries from the awful lofty crag, and rob the hazle of its auburn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest ; —let my berries be as red as thy lips, and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in the bridal bosom. Queen of the cheerful smile ! shall I not meet thee in the mossgrown cave, and press to my heart thy beauties in the wood of Iniscother ? How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock ; telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley ? Ah ! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin ! thou, who shouldst be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother ! Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thou approachest like summer to the children of frost ; and welcome with rapture are thy steps to my view, as the harbinger of light to the eye of darkness.—*Minerva.*

#### AFRICAN WIT.

Captain W——, travelling through the northern and western part of the state of New-York, came to a spot where the road breaking off in different directions, he was at a loss which should lead to Sacket's Harbour, and seeing a negro at work adjoining the road, he interrogated him as follows :—" Jack, which is the direct road to Sacket's Harbour ;" To which Jack with a surly look replied, " how do you know my name is Jack ?" " I guess at it," said the captain. " Well den," says Jack, laughing, " guess your way to de Harbour."

As George III, king of Great Britain, was walking the quarterdeck of one of his men-of-war, with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate " who that fellow was who did not drowse his peak to the Admiral ?" " Why it's the king," said Jack.—" Well king or no king," retorts the other, " he is an unmannerly dog !" " Lord, where should he learn manners, replies Jack, he never was out of sight of land in his life"

A traveller having put up at a country tavern, where a number of neighboring farmers had collected, and hearing them tell several " tough stories" about their cattle, sheep, &c. begged leave to offer a short story.—A neighbor of his having a sickly sheep turned it out to pasture with perfect indifference : brought

him in at the fall, fed him attentively for a while—" and how much tallow do you think the sheep had ?" " Ten pounds," says one ; " fourteen," says another ; " twenty," says a third—till they all became impatient to know the weight of the tallow in the extraordinary sheep ; when one asked, " how much tallow did he have ?" " I don't know," replied the stranger, but " *I guess not much.*"

Incleton being one day at Tattersall's, when Suett, who happened to be there too, asked him if he was come there to buy horses ? " Yes" said Incledon, " but what have you come here for ? do you think Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass ?" " Oh yes," said he, " if you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. " No no," says the other, " I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to get married again myself."

*Anecdote.—(From a Jamaica paper.)—*During the war (1769) a sailor went to Mr. M'Laren, a watchmaker, who then resided in King-street, and presenting a small French watch to him, demanded to know how much the repairs of it would come to. Mr. M'Laren reviewing it, said it would cost him more in repairs than the original purchase. " I don't mind that," said the tar, " I will even give double the original cost, for I have a veneration for the watch !"—" What might you have given for it ?" said the watchmaker.—" Why," replied the tar, " I gave a fellow a blow on the head for it, and if you will repair it I will give you two !"

#### SUMMARY.

Several articles of furniture were lately exhibited at Pensacola, manufactured out of the red bay-wood of Florida, one of the most abundant productions of the soil, which it is said may challenge comparison with articles made of the real mahogany.

A vein of real iron ore has been struck on the lands belonging to Gen. Leach, of Easton, Mass. a steam engine erected, and mining commenced.

#### MARRIED,

At Canaan, N. Y. on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Azariah Clark, Mr. RODOLPHUS N. GRAVES to Miss CATHARINE N. WARNER.

In this city, on the 26th inst. by James Barton, Esq. Mr. SIMEON ROWLEY of Hudson, to Miss MARIA HOLSAPPLE of Ghent.

On the 27th ult. at New-Lebanon, by the Rev. Mr. Churchill, Mr. JESSE VANNES of Columbiaville to Miss RACHAEL BIGELOW of New-Lebanon.

#### Died,

Very suddenly, at Egremont, (Mass.) on Tuesday evening, February 1st, Mrs. SARAH AUSTIN, consort of Judah Austin, in the 72d year of her age.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
LINES

*On seeing a Robin fly from my window at my approach.*

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle,  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion  
And fellow-mortal!"—BURNS.

Friendless Robin, whither fly ye?  
Cold and cheerless is the day;  
Friendless songster, why deny me  
Now thy sweet and wonted lay?  
Come, I'll lay thy food before thee—  
I will shield thee from all harm  
Come and live, for I'll watch o'er thee—  
I will keep thy dwelling warm.

Friendless Robin, why desert me  
Now, when thou most need'st my aid;  
Friendless songster, nought shall hurt thee,  
Come and sing, thou'lt be repaid;  
Why should'st thou now wish to leave me?  
Autumn's blasts are blowing cold  
Come, my hands with warmth receive thee,  
Come, my arms their warmth unfold.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### THE SOUL'S ETERNAL HOME.

Beyond the ken of mortal sight,  
On shores of bliss beyond the sky;  
In brightest rays of purest light,  
The soul will live and never die.

Altho' our bodies fall to dust,  
Our spirit's made by God above;  
And in a Saviour's name we'll trust,  
And chant divine redeeming love.

In that dearest name that's giv'n,  
All our sins are wash'd away;  
Long resounds the song in Heaven,  
Thro' the ever-cloudless day.

Angels now your song begin!  
Seraphs raise your anthems high!  
Heav'nly arches loudly ring,  
Mourner!—now your eyes are dry.

Jesus sits at God's right hand,  
Pard'ning mercy gives our race;  
Cherubims await command—  
Love is smiling in his face.

Hail, thou holy Son of God!  
Angels sweetest incense bring;  
All the world proclaim aloud,  
Christ is Heaven's anointed King!

Earth and sea are now no more,  
Prince of life has finish'd sin;  
Time with all its follies o'er,  
All our garments white in him.

Now beyond the eagle's flight,  
Far in realms above the sky;  
In fair'st climes of pure delight,  
There the Soul will never die!

FROM THE MERCURY.

ELIZA.

There's beauty in Eliza's eye—  
Like Venus in the western sky,  
When ush'ring in the dewy even—  
The fairest orb that rolls in heaven!

Upon her cheek there is a rose,  
Sweeter than summers suns disclose;  
I prize it, transient flowers, above ye,  
Because its blushes are more lovely.

There's pleasure in Eliza's smiles—  
Like hope's enchantment, which beguiles  
The pangs of fear that gender sorrow,  
And kindly points us to to-morrow.

There's treasure in Eliza's mind,  
Because it is forever kind;  
When mortal coils no more confine it,  
Celestial robes shall then inshrine it.

T.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—An Egg.

PUZZLE II.—Because his nose is above his chin.

PUZZLE III.—All-most

PUZZLE IV.—The answer has not been received.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a toll man like a Jew?

II.

Why had a glass-blower once reason to believe he  
could make the whole alphabet gallop?

III.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden.

IV.

Why is the thin Cake you form,  
To grace your morning board;  
Like the Caterpillar worm,  
That is by all abhor'd?

S.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received two pieces signed "HENRY" one of which we publish this week, the other will appear in our next number. He is welcome to our columns; and we hope he will continue his favours.

We should be happy to hear again from our correspondents "OBSERVATOR" and "AMICUS."

Our new correspondent H. will be attended to in our next.

## TO OUR PATRONS.

Six numbers more will complete the First Volume of this Paper. Those of our Subscribers who wish to have their papers discontinued are requested to send in their names before the present volume is completed, that the Publisher may know what his prospects are for commencing the Second Volume. Those who do not, will be considered as Subscribers for the next Volume. Those who have not made it convenient to comply with the terms of paying in advance, are requested to attend to it as soon as possible. New Subscribers can be furnished with all the numbers from the commencement of the Volume, if applied for soon.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson.